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Flowing

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Flowing

“Taylor Robinson

Life is moving, flowing like a river.
I feel as if I were standing on the shore,
Watching the river move on without me,
While I wait for someone to save me.

Yet no one comes and no one ever will;
Unless I move myself;
Until I wade into the water,
Into life, into feeling and emotion.

The boat is on the river,
My way is coming fast,
And I am deathly afraid
I'll miss it as it comes.

I know that I am not prepared.
All around me others stand ready to depart
Upon the vessel to salvation
But I am not ready, as I once was.

A child, yes, a child:
He knows his boat; he knows his time.
Perhaps, he knows his destination.
Perhaps he knows the reason for the journey.

And how could he not know?
Had not the captain given him passage long ago?
Given him his ticket to the boat
Long ago, on the shores of the river?

I had a ticket when I came.
I knew my passage and my destination.
But somewhere lying on the shore,
I lost it.

And I can remember no more, I cannot see,
What it showed; my destination and time,
And I am deathly afraid.
Life is moving, flowing like a river.